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undulating swelling green field, or the rocky track of a mighty glacier, or a sky flushed with sunset. His art is an "eye music," as Wordsworth called the waving of the interlaced forest boughs, and can be read by the eye. He composes rapidly, possessing that selective glance that discerns in a moment what are the lines of character and beauty; with decisive stroke he masses his shadows, balances his lights, outlines his trees, and puts all upon paper so quickly that he will catch the tone of a fleeting shadow, the form of a wind-driven cloud, or the impression of an approaching tempest. Work like this has more power to summon the imagination of the spectator than the most finished picture, which is often spoilt in the studio.

While not a pre-Raphaelite neither is Mr. Smith of the Corot school; although he regards all nature as suggestive, and the closer he can get to it the better will he be able to act as interpreter. He has no theory in art; to him there is as much poetry in a literal interpretation of nature as in any other. He sometimes makes a portion of a picture pre-Raphaelite, while the rest will be simply suggestive; but he never commits the error of jumbling together a landscape until the impression is confusing, like a room full of people all talking at once. If we wonder at the amount and quality of work accomplished by Mr. Smith, we must recollect that he has been engaged in it for twenty years; that he is a man of great energy and force of character, possessing a superabundance of nervous vigor, much of which he works off through his fingers; and that he paints, as the lark sings, because it is the highest enjoyment for him to do so.

He began to exhibit his pictures in 1865, when he sent his "Summer in the Woods" to the newly organized and struggling American Society of Painters in Water Colors. Since that time he has been a regular exhibitor and his pictures find ready sale. He was elected a member of the society in 1869, and was made its treasurer in 1874, which office he now holds. The Century Club elected him a member in 1873; he belongs to the Palette Club, and frequently exhibits pictures at the Union League and Lotos Clubs. Mr. Smith is self-taught, like many American artists, and has never been abroad. He was represented at the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, by four pictures, viz: "In the darkling wood amid the cool and silence;" "Brook Study from Nature;" "Old Cedars, Franconia Mountains," belonging to John C. Townsend, and "Study from Nature." His great picture was "In the darkling wood"—now owned by Mr. William D. Irwin, of Chicago—a water color, 52 by 34 inches, showing an American forest, with capital studies of the yellow and white birches, the hemlock, pine and beech trees, found in their perfection in the White Mountains. Other of his important works are "A Cool Spot"—owned by John Jacob Astor—showing a pool in a forest, with moss-covered rocks, and Walker's Falls, in New Hampshire; "Under the Leaves," a charming forest interior, owned by Mr. William D. Sloan, of New York; "Deserted," an old mill in the mountains, owned by Mr. Charles Havemayer, of New York; three pictures in the gallery of Mr. I. T. Williams, of Thirty-sixth Street, New York: "Looking Seaward," exhibited at the Water-Color Society, in February, 1878; and a picture in the possession of Mr. George C. Clark, formerly of the house of Clark, Dodge & Co., New York. Mr. Smith is an active member of the new Tile Club of New York, which is attracting attention, and takes much interest in decorative art generally.

—*Fuller-Walker, M. D.*

WOLF IN TROUBLE.—AFTER L. BECKMANN.

ART TALKS FROM ABROAD.

WHAT can be said of our art section at the Paris Universal Exposition? The first slip of the New York Committee was a grave error, in that they delegated a person not fully capable of

acting supreme judge and jury in his own person. It is true there was an assistant, and it would be impossible to find two more perfectly in accord; it was charming. An artist of reputation, known as well in America as in his own city, J. L. Gérome, says: that "the action of the Central Committee was surprising, to say the least; and that the gentleman who accepted the post of final judge must be possessed of wonderful courage and great faith in himself." That the gentleman who acted judge and jury is not infallible, witness the many bad, in the fullest sense of the word, pictures hung and given prominent places. The pictures by Elihu Vedder—bad in drawing, in composition, in color—would not have been accepted by any other gallery. He promised, years ago, much better. F. E. Church is "skyed;" in an American Exhibition he should hold a first place. He could not feel grieved at such unceremonious treatment if competing with painters such as Whalberg, Daubigny, Pelonse, Francais, etc., and could accept "skying," with thanks, in such company; but in an American exhibition—ye gods! But, to ease his mind, our "judge and jury" gives "eye line" to two of the worst-painted landscapes in the collection, because, forsooth, they are signed "G. Inness." One of them, the smallest, a New England scene we suppose, has been a benefit to many—*à propos*, we are not sure but the artist can claim an additional title to his A. N. A.-ship, that of M. D., for if the merry laughter and whispered mirth it has produced may bear witness—it has cured many an indisposition. The larger picture, which looks like a monitor, a large monitor, a *very* large monitor lost in fog; but that cannot be, for it is a landscape with a river in the foreground; it must be a river, for there is a very large man fishing, which he would not be if that was a monitor behind him. I think the picture is called Rome! We would not accuse Mr. Inness of being ambitious of "making Rome howl;" but we assure him, though, he has succeeded beyond competition; for if Rome could see that picture "every mother's son of them" would howl to gratify even solid old "Corri O'Lanus." Oh, glorious Turner! what an inspired poem of all that is good in art is thy "Ancient Rome;" and oh, Mr. Inness! you who could do good works—for the stuff is in you, if patience and humility were equal to the stuff—go drink from the fountain whence Turner drew his strength—nature.

F. A. Bridgman's "Funeral on the Nile in the days of Paraoh" (which was purchased by Mr. Bennett of the New York *Herald*), is, without exception, the best picture in the collection; but it is not a specimen of the American school of painting; as Mr. Bridgman has studied his art, from the earliest steps up, in Europe and under the eye of one of the finest painters in France.

Walter Shirlaw's picture looks well; is strong, though, we think, a little too brutal in handling, and too *empâté;* but those excesses in the right direction will wear away. Mr. Shirlaw may take his place in the front rank.

Another of those "buds of promise" (occupying "line"), fallen like autumn leaves with the first frost, is Winslow Homer. What excuse can the painter offer for sending, and our "judge and jury" for accepting, under the head of Fine Arts, such nondescripts as those which bear Mr. Homer's name? He seems to have painted from his models.

Eastman Johnson seems to have improved in color, but it is too "sweet" for richness of color; and is everywhere transparent and sketchy. It is rather a specimen of Mr. Johnson's ability in handling the brush; but what there is of it is good and masterly, with the one exception to its "sweetness." This "brushing," allied with the fidelity of his "Old Kentucky Home," would have produced a far superior work. But that faithfulness to nature, in drawing, seems to pass away, as facility in working color increases, for all but the truly great artist. This we have regretted in G. Inness, who never was remarkable as a draughtsman, and whose love of color seems to have hindered him from building a solid foundation whereon to erect his art. We say we regret this in Mr. Inness. We do more so that in him was the power of becoming really a glory to American art; but, in common with many lesser talents of the Academy, scarcely nothing remains but a little pet mannerism. It is not so with European artists; Cabanel, Gérome, Bonnat, Landseer, Kaulbach, Mackart, the French Millett, Rousseau, Fromentin, Corot and many others, are now—were to their dying day in the case of Landseer, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Kaulbach—stronger than in their youth. Why? The "hard lines" have been mastered; the preliminary labor, so cavalierly brushed away in America, remains and grows with their thought and knowledge of art. Cabanel, in the works of his youth, never produced such a one as that which he has just completed for the Panthéon—a colossal work, filled with figures of heroic size, and wherein the ripened fruits of a laborious artist-life are clustered; nothing has given place to the *trompe-l'œil* of handling. Wherein can the most learned eye detect a falling off in Gérome or Meissonier? —*Outremer.*

SUNDAY MORNING.

PICTURES by F. Dürck, a Munich artist, do not often find their way to this country, since the fashion is now, with a few exceptions, to patronize French and Italian artists. But whether painted in Germany, England or America, it is a consolation to know that "a really good picture is ultimately always approved and bought." The art collection once owned by Colonel H. T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, New York, contained a picture by this artist, called "The Mountain Flower," a sweet child, not unlike the one so gracefully and naturally given us in the "Sunday Morning" picture. The scene is in the Bavarian Highlands, where the artist is fond of sketching, and an air of Sabbath stillness pervades the country. It is serene, perfect midsummer weather; the green, and purple, and blue hills rise on every side, a slight haze of morning mist ascending from the valleys lending a tenderness to the landscape, The low stone cottage of the herdsman is seen at the left of the picture; while the foreground is blooming with heather, edelweiss, wildemanner and other flowers. Aside from the bloom, beauty, and health of the maiden Herr Dürck has painted, reminding one in these particulars of Mayer von Bremen's mountain girls, this work possesses high value as a record of Bavarian rural life and still life. The unaffected truth with which this peasant child has been delineated is masterly in its way, and wins our admiration. Herr Dürck has given us the foreground as he found it, and has caught the beautiful, dark-haired, large-eyed maid of the hills and stamped her form upon his canvas with beauty and grace.

WOLF IN TROUBLE.

THIS spirited picture, by Herr L. Beckmann, of whose work we have had many examples in former issues of THE ALDINE, will be welcomed by lovers of out-of-door sports, especially those who are fond of good hunting. Beckmann is a master of his branch of art, painting with rare skill the free, wild life of untamed animals, inhabitants of the woods. The scene of this picture is, doubtless, in the beautiful depths of the Schwarzwald of Germany, where the hunters have frightened from his lair a wolf, which is now bounding away at full speed. It will require a good marksman to end this exciting chase.

EASTERN EUROPE AT PARIS.

BEFORE all others the present Universal Exposition at Paris is rich in the works of artists from eastern Europe—Russia, Greece, Austria, and the nations belonging to those governments. We have not been in the habit of looking for much good work from modern Greece; but that country is prospering and has felt the art influence of the age. The amusing and extremely clever picture, "Hush-a-bye, Baby!" given in this issue of THE ALDINE, is by M. Gysis, a Greek artist, who has studied at Munich, where he has gained a high reputation. The picture is much admired for its light, suggestive handling, and the rare artistic merit of the coloring. The patient negro nurse is, doubtless, from the northern sea-board of Africa. The rendering of the patient expression upon the face, as well as of the affrighted squalling infant, is exceedingly felicitous.

Some of the art critics, who have made a comprehensive and careful study of the art of the world, as displayed at the French Exposition, do not hesitate to award Austrian art, which embraces many nationalities, the highest place, even before that of France and England. It is especially commended for its honesty,